

known voice of Antonio, my guide, for he it was who headed the party. "Why, then, I'll say all my days, Inglese, that you bear a charmed life. Few who cross the Paso——"

But I did not hear the rest of the Indian's speech, for now, for the first time, I too grew faint and giddy, and realised the terrible strain on mind and body which the excitement of peril had enabled me to maintain, and, though I aided in lifting Miss Trevor's almost insensible form from the snow, I can remember nothing more until I found myself lying on the bed in a guest-chamber of the convent, while a bearded monk, in brown robe and rope girdle, was warming something in a pipkin over a brazier of glowing charcoal.

"Drink this, Englishman!" said the good-natured Capuchin, as he poured the hot wine into a large silver cup, emblazoned with the armorial bearings of some Spanish viceroy of long ago; "drink this, and then get to sleep again, if you can. Nothing like it when once you are warm and sheltered. Yes, yes," he added, with a smile, as he anticipated my question, "the young lady, too, is well, and asleep, too, I daresay. Heretics or not, you and she are welcome here, cavalier!"

I have little more to relate. Of the remains of the unfortunate persons who fell over the rock of El Paso, no trace was ever found, although, at Miss Trevor's urgent entreaty, a long and painful search was instituted among the glens below. But so wild and broken was the ground, and so intersected by snowdrifts, torrents, and thorny thickets, that from the first the Indian miners and herdsmen despaired of success, and, as I have said, the bodies were never recovered. So soon as my beautiful charge had regained strength enough to enable her to travel, I accompanied her to the city of Santiago, where her father's sister resided, and there, beneath her aunt's roof, I left her to mourn for the dear ones whom she was never more to behold. But our parting was not for long. I became a frequent visitor to Santiago, and was a frequent guest in the house of Ellen Trevor's aunt. There, after a while, I told her my love, and thence I led my bride to the altar, if I may use so high-flown an expression concerning the Consular Office, with its white-washed walls placarded with announcements of wreck and salvage, and other matters interesting to mariners, where we were married.

## THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

If I am not mistaken, it was the author of *Pelham* who, commenting on the discovery of a pair of loaded dice at Pompeii, remarked that, if some of the virtues are modern, all the vices are ancient. I will not, however, undertake to say that the world is more virtuous than of old, as I well know that, if I hazarded that hypothesis, I should bring my learned friend, Professor Gleichgewicht, down upon me at once with his world-famed demonstration that blackguardism in man is a constant quantity varying from age to age only in its phenomenal or outward seeming, but remaining unchanged in its diabolical essence. Keeping clear, however, of the professor, I may, I think, risk the supposition that we improve in the faculty of appreciation, and in some few instances render honour where honour is due. It is true that this faculty is rather widespread than centred in the regions whence flow collars and crosses, stars and garters, and that these ornaments are rarely bestowed upon those who add to the health and happiness of the world; but this official neglect is, in the case of the medical profession, almost compensated by the rank conceded to it in modern society. It was otherwise in the good old times. It is true that certain learned doctors were mentioned only with bated breath and a hasty glance over the shoulder, but these awful personages were revered in proportion rather to their supernatural power than their professional skill. It is very doubtful, indeed, whether they ever really cured anybody, being, for the most part, too busy with the stars to find time to study the products of our globe, and they showed a curious incapacity when brought face to face with the black death and other forms of epidemic disease which, following in the track of war and famine, contributed in no slight degree to thin the population of England in its "merrie" days. The ancient physician—we may take it for granted—was at least as dangerous as the majority of diseases, but his humbler brother, the "chirurgion," seems to have been useful enough. It must be recollected that, in the "merrie" period referred to, there was plenty of need of the surgeon's art, and comparatively little for that of the physician. Taking into account the big wars and little wars, crusades, rebellions, the free exercise of the "right of private

and profound a gulf as that which now yawned beneath us, as I led Miss Trevor across the seemingly fragile construction, which rocked in the wind as a hammock on board a ship might do. We had traversed some two-thirds of the distance, when a fresh and more violent gust came howling through the pass, and it was all that I could do to prevent Miss Trevor from being dashed from the quivering bridge, on the floor of which we were both compelled to crouch, while the pliant matting that supported us swayed to and fro like a swing in a playground, and the snow and hail flew around us. The snapping of a rope, the giving way of a few strands of the plaited grass that bore us up, meant death, instant and inevitable. And, even should the tough grass-cords endure the strain upon them, we were in no slight danger of losing our hold from sheer exhaustion, and of being jerked from the bridge as a stone is propelled from a sling. Once I made a resolute effort to lead the way to firm ground, but the violence of the vibration, as we neared the steeply-sloping extremity of the bridge, all but tore me from my hold of the tough fibres, and we were thankful to regain the middle of the narrow web, with which we swayed, backwards and forwards, as we may see a spider swinging on a single thread.

What was that scream, so loud and so near, in its harsh shrillness? Instinctively we both looked up, to see, flapping its huge dark wings over our heads, a very large bird, which, by its curved beak, fierce red eye, and breast-feathers of ashengrey, I knew to be a condor. Three or four times it circled round us, as if to mark us for its prey, and then, with complaining cry, dived far down into the ravine below us. I shuddered to think whose were the helpless limbs that probably allured the gigantic vulture to his foul repast in the gorge below, but our own situation was one which left but little time to spend in regrets for those whose fate might at any moment be ours. Then, too, the intense cold which, as often happens in the Andes, seemed the more intolerable on account of the heat of the morning—so benumbed the delicate frame of my fair companion that I constantly feared that before the storm should cease she would have sunk into that fatal lethargy that knows no waking. By chafing her cold hands, and, in spite of her remonstrances, wrapping

her in the loose coat I wore, which was fortunately a woollen one, I saved her, at any rate for the time, from frost-bite or stupor, although the snow and frozen hailstones whitened our garments, as we crouched waiting, rather than hoping, for deliverance.

We talked together—to have kept silence in such a spot and at such a time would have been maddening—and it was touching to hear how Miss Trevor took blame to herself for my present peril, all incurred, as she said, through the generous impulse which had led me, at my own imminent risk, to succour her, a stranger. She laid such stress on this that I could not forbear saying that I should, I hoped, have done as much for any one in peril; but that if I could save her, whose sweet face had haunted me in my dreams since first I beheld her— Here I came to an awkward pause, and felt as though I could have bitten my own tongue for what I had said, for might it not seem as if I were presuming on the position in which accident had placed me, and on the service which I had rendered? I do not think, however, that Miss Trevor understood the purport of my clumsy compliment, for she continued to converse quite simply, as a child might have done, often expressing her natural eagerness to procure help for her ill-fated relatives, of whom she made mention as though they must be still alive, though perhaps sorely hurt, in the valley below. I had not the heart to contradict her, knowing, as I did, that nothing short of a miracle could have preserved the lives of those who had fallen over the edge of the Paso del Diablo.

Hours elapsed, and the wind abated, but I began to despair. No traveller might come that way for days, while I could not anticipate that Miss Trevor could endure the keen frost of the coming night in that exposed situation. Yet, how was it possible for me, in her exhausted state, to— What was that sound? This time it was not the boding scream of the vulture, but a loud halloo from human and, as it seemed, friendly voices, and instantly I replied to the hail. Then there came, creeping towards us over the plaited floor, a lithe figure, followed by another, while the voices of those on the bank were raised in a cheer of encouragement.

"Safe and sound, Caballero! St. Nicholas and the Virgin be praised for that! Ay, and the senorita, too!" said the well-



war" by persons of noble birth, and ordinary brawls and squabbles, it seems to have been long odds on cold steel against all other ailments whatsoever, and there was little fear of a gentleman's life being protracted to the prejudice of his heirs by a correct observance of the laws of Hygeia. The chances were all in favour of being knocked on the head at a comparatively early age; but it is well known that in the hand-to-hand conflicts with sword and buckler, for instance, many more were hurt than killed. The wounded sought either the monks or the Jews, who employed as their assistants the barbers of the period, an alliance whence arose the famous Company of Barber-Surgeons. How closely the two callings were at one time knit together is shown by the sign which surgeons have abandoned altogether, and which barbers nowadays but rarely hang out. The well-known pole is an imitation of one formerly held in the hands of patients during the operation of phlebotomy—now abolished altogether—and the stripes represent the tape or bandages used for fastening the arm; both pole and tape being in olden times hung up outside the shop as soon as done with, to announce that there was a vacancy for a patient wishing to be "blooded." The foundation of the Company of Barbers is ascribed to as early a date as the reign of Edward of Carnarvon, but the first Royal Charter was granted to the Barber-Surgeons by Edward the Fourth and his amiable brother, the Duke of Gloucester. For some unexplained reason the barbers and surgeons did not pull very well together, and the surgeons severed the connection; but so much inconvenience arose from the jealousy of the two companies that they were reunited by the Act 32 Henry the Eighth, under the name of Masters or Governors of the Mystery and Commonalty of Barbers and Surgeons of London. This document bound the associated crafts firmly together till the year 1745, when the surgeons finally departed to the Old Bailey, and subsequently, in 1800, formed the body now well known as the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Barbers' Hall still occupies its original site in Monkwell-street, but has been partially rebuilt during the last few years; and the court-room, designed by Inigo Jones, must be sought in the rear of hugo perpendicular walls. The room is well worthy of a visit. It con-

tains a fine portrait of Inigo Jones, by Vandyke, and a superb full-length of the Countess of Richmond, by Sir Peter Lely. These are notable enough; but the great treasure of the company is the magnificent picture, by Holbein, of King Henry the Eighth granting the Charter to the Barber-Surgeons. Every one is familiar with engravings of this splendid picture, which only give the faintest possible idea of its rich colour and wonderful finish. The central figure of Henry himself glows with gorgeous hues: attired in royal raiment of cloth of gold and ermine, crowned, and holding in his right hand the sword of state, the great Tudor hands the charter to T. Vycary, master of the company in the year 1541. On either side of the king are grouped the dignitaries of the company—seventeen in number—each being a portrait, with the name painted on it. A curious proof of the authenticity of the portraits is supplied by the cartoon for the picture now in the Royal College of Surgeons: each portrait is a separate study, made on a separate piece of paper, and afterwards pasted on in its proper place.

On grand occasions a handsome display of plate is set forth at Barbers' Hall, including a silver-gilt cup, presented by Henry the Eighth to the company, whose past-master, I. Chambre, was his own private physician. Charles the Second also gave the Barber-Surgeons a silver cup, as he gave a splendid mace to that famous Royal Society, of which he was the founder. Queen Anne also presented the company with a silver bowl. Two very curious mementoes of royal gifts are preserved with great care in Monkwell-street: one is the head of a fat buck, a present from Charles the Second; and the other is the back shell of a mighty turtle, given by Queen Anne. The head of the buck is splendid with gilt antlers, and the turtle-shell is emblazoned with the arms of the company. These memorials of bygone banquets are cheering enough, but as much cannot be said for the handsome screen, painted in scroll-pattern on leather and profusely gilt. To that screen literally "hangs" a tale, as it was presented to the company by a culprit who, having undergone his sentence, revived under the knife of the dissector, and, being perfectly restored, testified his gratitude by making a gift to the company. This ghastly incident is said to have given rise to the modern practice of letting criminals hang for an hour before cutting them down; but this

explanation and the theory brought forward by my informant, that a man, having been hanged and resuscitated, can cry quits with the law, together throw serious doubt upon the story. I find, however, that the famous John Hunter is said to have alluded to it in his lectures; and that, according to that version, the sheriffs were sent for, who took the man back to Newgate, ultimately to be permitted by the king to depart for a foreign country. There is no inscription on the screen to warrant the authenticity of this narrative, which rests on simple tradition and the presence of the screen, which seems to be of fifteenth or sixteenth century work. Another peculiar feature about Barbers' Hall is, that the ancient apartment, once used as a dissecting-room, has for many generations been employed as a kitchen. Not very long ago it was yet garnished with sundry uncanny hooks, and unpleasantly-suggestive boards and shelves—a sight of which has more than once determined the plainest of plain cooks to sheer off in an agony of terror.

Leaving Barbers' Hall, and following the surgeons from the Old Bailey to Lincoln's-inn-fields, whither they removed shortly after receiving the royal charter of incorporation in 1800, we find them established in the building erected by Barry in 1836. To would-be surgeons this is a dreadful spot, the haunt of the awful tribunal whose diploma is esteemed of such surpassing value. It is true that the diploma of a surgeon, and the degree of doctor of medicine to boot, can be obtained elsewhere; but the mystic letters, M.R.C.S., yet possess a singular charm, for it is known, high and low, far and near, that not only is the professional examination very severe, but that applicants for matriculation are tested in order to make sure that they have received something approaching a liberal education to begin with. A list—far too long to transcribe here—is given of the certificates admitted, as conveying assurance of sufficient proficiency in general education. In default of these, candidates are required to pass an examination in nine compulsory subjects—to wit: reading aloud a passage from some English author; writing from dictation; English grammar; writing a short English composition; arithmetic up to vulgar fractions and decimals; questions in geography; questions on the outlines of English history; mathematics, in-

cluding the first two books of Euclid and algebra to simple equations; an translation of passages from the second book of Cæsar's Commentaries, "De Bell Gallico." To these compulsory subjects are added six of the "optional" class, of which the candidate must select at least one, and may select four, for his examination. These six are translations from either the *Anabasis* of Xenophon, *Saintine's Picciola*, or Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, and the elements of mechanics, chemistry, botany and zoology. Having either presented certificates, or passed the above examination successfully, the candidate is free to devote himself to professional study, either in the hospitals, or as pupil to a properly-qualified surgeon, and after four years of work is permitted to present himself with his certificates to the dreaded professional examination. To go through this ordeal, the young surgeon must be provided with certificates of regular attendance, &c., but these avail him naught if he be unable to overcome the technical difficulties placed before him. Many persons may be under the impression that this professional examination includes, or should include, all the true functions of the Royal College of Surgeons, but they will disabuse themselves of this error on hearing that nearly one-half of the young men who come up for the matriculation examination are "plucked"—an ample demonstration, if any were needed, that this preliminary examination is exactly what is required to keep out the great army of the incompetent. What with examinations for fellowship, membership, and other minor affiliations to the Royal College of Surgeons the court of examiners is pretty well employed, some two thousand persons presenting themselves for examination every year. The examination for the diploma is divided into a primary and pass examination. About one-third of the candidates break down in the "primary," and are referred back to their studies for several months; while of those who go through the primary examination for the diploma, nearly one-third never offer themselves for the final or pass examination which enables them to put M.R.C.S. at the end of their names. As this proportion is constant, it is impossible to avoid noticing it. If the proportion of one-third included those who merely "presented themselves for the primary examination and were "referred to their studies" for



time, the phenomenon would be explicable enough, as simply due to the despair of the "plucked;" but that one-third of the successful in the "primary" examination, which confers no certificate of proficiency, should decline any further attempt to obtain a diploma at the "pass" examination, is simply incomprehensible.

The cost of maintaining the college, the library, and the museum is between twelve and thirteen thousand pounds per annum, and is met—with the exception of about one-fifth, derived from rents and funded property—entirely by the fees derived from the examinations. For the preliminary examination in general education, a fee of two pounds is required, and for the primary and pass examinations for the diploma, twenty-two pounds. Additional fees, however, are demanded from the lazy and the stupid. Any candidate who, after two consecutive failures at the primary examination, wishes to try again, is mulcted in the sum of five guineas, and any future light of the profession who breaks down twice in succession at the pass examination, is also assessed in a like sum before being examined for the third time. The consideration of these protections against the waste of examiners' time produces the at once saddening and reassuring conclusion that either young Englishmen are great blockheads, or our surgeons are "highly tried" and accomplished men. A considerable source of expense to the college is the library, containing thirty-five thousand volumes, and as many pamphlets, essays, and reports of various kinds. Hither come many thousands of readers, who are supplied with every convenience for study. The great glory, however, of the college, is its museum, unrivalled in the world. Other capitals rejoice in special anatomical museums, such as the Musée Dupuytren, at Paris; but for general comprehensiveness and completeness, the museum in Lincoln's-inn-fields stands alone. Its original formation was due to the celebrated John Hunter, who left at his death upwards of ten thousand preparations—obtained, it is supposed, at a cost of seventy thousand pounds—and which were purchased from his widow for fifteen thousand pounds by the Government, who presented them to the college.

Here are skeletons enough to stock another church of St. Ursula, like that at Cologne. Attending first of all to the genus *bimana*—it is extraordinary how naturally

hard words come to one in the College of Surgeons—we find the skeletons of sundry remarkable persons in odd juxtaposition. Charles O'Brien, the famous Irish giant, who died in 1783, is said to have had a confirmed and, as it appears, well-founded horror that the surgeons would be on the watch for his remains. Just before he died—of too much good liquor, at the age of twenty-two—he made dispositions for his burial, requesting that he might be sunk in the sea, far beyond low-water mark. All his fears and schemes, however, proved useless to avert his fate, or rather the fate of his bones to remain above ground. At a cost, it is said, of three hundred pounds, his body was secured and the skeleton prepared. He was, if we are to believe all we hear, eight feet two inches high during life; the skeleton, however, measures only seven feet seven. Other skeletons are there of giants and dwarfs, and one of a middle-sized, thick-set man, not remarkable from an anatomical point of view, but otherwise interesting enough. It is that of a famous individual, no less than "Jonathan Wild the Great," who, in the language of his biographer, Henry Fielding, finally "swung out of the world." By the side of the skeleton is the coffin-plate bearing the inscription, "Mr. Jonathan Wilde. Died May 24th, 1725. In y<sup>e</sup> 42<sup>nd</sup> year of his age"—a date which clashes considerably with Fielding's narrative, which sets down as the birthday of his hero that on which the great plague broke out in 1665. Almost equally interesting is the skull of Thurtell, the murderer of Mr. Weare. It is worthy of note that, while the head of Wild presents no special peculiarity of conformation, being rather small and elegant than otherwise, that of Thurtell possesses an atrocious "facial angle," the lower jaw, abundantly furnished with great white teeth, projecting hideously. Eugene Aram's head, again, is conspicuously small. Very curious is the result of putting people's heads together. The skull of the Baresark and of the mild Hindoo are hardly distinguishable; while those of the negro, the New Hollander, and the Tasmanian, differing from each other, differ yet more widely from the heads of white men. Horribly ghastly are the prepared heads from the Indian Archipelago, covered with paint and gilding; and supremely curious are the long heads preferred by the Caribs, and the flat heads admired by the tribes of North

America. Near these are casts of the brain cavity of various animals, showing how very small in proportion are the brains of the whale and the elephant when compared with that of man; and overhead is an enormous skeleton of the "right" whale weighing several tons. Further on is the osseous framework of poor Chunee, the famous elephant whose destruction at Exeter 'Change excited so much sympathy at the time.

Near the skeleton of poor Chunee stands that of a far happier creature—one whose neck was clothed in the thunder of applauding thousands—who took the highest honours to be compassed by any animal; a thing of strength and beauty while he lived; a name "written large" in the genealogy of his race for ever. This horse, so light of bone below the knee, was a Derby winner—the famous Orlando—who ran second to the fraudulently-entered Running Rein in 1844. The last-named animal carried in his white jacket first on Epsom Downs, but was disqualified for being over age, and Orlando received the prize of equine immortality. Born in 1841, after a short but illustrious career on the turf, he retired to Hampton Court paddocks, became the sire of many famous "flyers," and died, full of years and honour, in 1868.

Carefully preserved under cases are portions of the remains of the great mammoth—the thick hide, the long shaggy hair, and the soft wool which lurked under the hair, to preserve the animal from the cold; and then we come to more skeletons: the Irish deer, with his wide-spreading horns; the extinct mylodon; and casts of the gigantic ostrich (*dinornis*) of New Zealand, and eggs which perhaps gave rise to the fable of the roc; skeletons of the cachalot or sperm whale, with vast head, containing the cavity known technically as the "well," whence the precious material is shovelled out in great scoops by men slung from the top; the skeleton of the first baby hippopotamus born in this country—very piggy-looking; the framework of the dugong (of which bacon is made) and of the manatee: so heavy is this last, that it is wonderful to find it in a swimming animal. Farther on are the "scaffolding" of the ostrich and of the humming-bird; the curious skeleton of the cobra, with ribs the extremities of which serve as feet, and with mouth armed with the well-known hollow fangs for injecting poison; the agile monitor lizard; and the unpleasantly man-like gorilla,

chimpanzee, and orang-utan. Upstairs are preparations of various organs of human and other bodies, in health and out of health. I do not recommend this part of the exhibition to non-medical persons. The specimens and preparations are beautiful from a scientific point of view, but are hideously suggestive of the diseases or might accumulate in the course of pleasant life. As I am puffing and blowing with the exertion of running upstairs I am not cheered "to any great extent" by inspecting preserved hearts, in every state of fatty and other degeneration; bottled lungs, in a hideously tubercular condition; and as the courteous attendant draws my attention to "nutmeg" and other unhealthy livers, I decline, with thanks, to look upon what may be the counterpart of my own recalcitrant organ. But my guide will not let me off the contemplation of the wonderful collection of skin diseases, done in wax, and presented by that great authority, Erasmus Wilson. In ghastly array are all the horrors to which the human exterior is subject from leprosy and elephantiasis to ringworm, and those by no means agreeable disorders communicated by socks and other under-clothing, infected by arsenical dyes. Of curiosities there is enough and to spare. Old-fashioned surgical instruments, awful to look upon, are set aside in a small chamber with ancient apparatus for reducing dislocations—by squeezing, screwing, pulling and hauling a shoulder or an arm into place. I suppose success sometimes rewarded those primitive efforts; but judging from the pictures showing the treatment, the agony of the patients must have been excruciating. In the same room is the embalmed wife of Martin van Butchell, who looks terrible enough in a sort of upright coffin, and concerning whom a legend exists of his having had some object, legal or otherwise, in "keeping her above ground;" another instance of the facility with which stories crystallise around remarkable objects. Of other curiosities there are enough and to spare: a carriage-shaft pulled out of the chest of a man who recovered perfect health; a cast of Dr. Livingstone's arm injured by a lion; and a collection of needles which gradually worked their way out through the flesh of a woman, who had swallowed a paper of those useful but indigestible articles. The foot of a Chinese lady, cramped and



crippled according to fashion, is also here, as well as a curious selection of articles swallowed by lunatics and other unfortunate persons. For instance, a bad half-crown which killed the "smasher" who swallowed it; a punch ladle swallowed by an enthusiastic drinker; a set of false teeth "bolted" by mistake; the table-knife which killed the knife-swallowing Indian juggler; a box full of pocket-knives devoured by a soldier; pencil-cases, spoons, egg-cups, pipes, and boxes of dominoes, also engulfed by people more or less mad; and a box full of pins, eaten by an unhappy woman, who liked to eat pins, but liked them crooked. In the midst of all, towering over mere accidental oddities, and rejoicing in the immense additions which have been made to his invaluable collection, is the figure of John Hunter—the true genius loci—to whom the visitor makes a reverent bow at parting, as the best representative of that noblest of all arts—the art of healing.

## A CHARMING FELLOW.

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE.

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "MABEL'S PROGRESS," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

"Love in a cottage" is a time-honoured phrase, which changes its significance considerably, according to the lips that utter it. To some persons, Love in a cottage would be suggestive of dreary obscurity, privation, cold mutton, and one maid-of-all-work. To others, it might mean a villa with its lawn running down to the Thames, a basket-phaeton and pair of ponies, and the modest simplicity of footmen without powder. To another class of minds, again, Love in a cottage might stand for a comprehensive hieroglyph of honest affection, sufficiently robust to live and thrive even on a diet of cold mutton, and warm-blooded enough to defy the nip of poverty's east winds.

Lady Seely had joked, in her cheerful, candid way, with her niece-in-law about her establishment in life, and had said, "Well, Castalia, you'll have love in a cottage, at all events! Some people are worse off. And at your age, you know (quite between ourselves), you must think yourself lucky to get a husband at all."

Miss Kilfinane had made some retort to the effect that she did not intend to remain all her life in a cottage, with or without love; and that if Lord Seely could do

nothing for Ancram, she (Castalia) had other connections who might be more influential.

But, in truth, Castalia did think that she could be quite content to live with Algernon Errington under a thatched roof; having only a conventional and artificial conception of such a dwelling, derived chiefly from lithographed drawing-copies. It was not, of course, that Castalia Kilfinane did not know that thatched hovels are frequently comfortless, ill-ventilated, "the noted haunt of" earwigs, and limited in the accommodation necessary for a genteel family. But such knowledge was packed away in some quite different department of her mind from that which habitually contemplated her own personal existence, present and future. Wiser folks than Castalia are apt to anticipate exceptions to general laws in their own favour.

Castalia was undoubtedly in love with Algernon. That is to say, she would have liked better to be his wife in poverty and obscurity, than to accept a title and a handsome settlement from any other man whom she had ever seen: although she would probably have taken the latter had the chance been offered to her.

Nor is that bringing so hard an accusation against her as may at first sight appear. She would have liked best to be Algernon's wife; but for penniless Castalia Kilfinane to marry a poor man when she might have had a rich one, would have required her to disregard some of the strongest and most vital convictions of the persons among whom she lived. Let their words be what they might, their deeds irrefragably proved that they held poverty to be the one fatal, unforgiven sin, which so covered any multitude of virtues as utterly to hide and overwhelm them. You could no more expect Castalia to be impervious to this creed, than you could expect a sapling to draw its nourishment from a distant soil, rather than from the earth immediately around its roots. To be sure there have been vigorous young trees that would strike out tough branching fibres to an incredible distance, in search of the food that was best for them. Such human plants are rare; and poor narrow-minded, ill-educated Castalia was not of them.

Had she been much beloved, it is possible that she might have ripened into sweetness under that celestial sunshine. But it was not destined to be hers.

In some natures, the giving even of

unrequited love is beautifying to the character. But I think that in such cases the beauty is due to that pathetic compassion, which blends with all love of a high nature for a lower one. Do you think that all the Griseldas believe in their lords' wisdom and justice? Do you fancy that the fathers of prodigal sons do not oftentimes perceive the young vagabonds' sins and shortcomings, with a terrible perspicuity that pierces the poor fond heart like sharp steel? Do you not know that Cordelia saw more quickly and certainly than the sneering, sycophant courtiers, every weakness and vanity of the rash, choleric old king? But there are hearts in which such knowledge is transmuted not into bitter resentment, but into a yearning, angelic pity. Only, in order to feel this pity, we must rise to some point above the erring one. Now poor Castalia had been so repressed by "low ambition," and the petty influences of a poverty ever at odds with appearances, that the naturally weak wings of her spirit seemed to have lost all power of soaring.

The earliest days Mrs. Algernon Errington spent in her new home were passed in making a series of disagreeable discoveries. The first discovery was that a six-roomed brick cottage is, practically, a far less commodious dwelling than any she had hitherto lived in. The walls of Ivy Lodge (that was the name of the little house, which had not a twig of greenery to soften its bare red face) appeared so slight that she fancied her conversation could be overheard by the passers-by in the road. The rooms were so small that her dress seemed to fill them to overflowing, although those were not the days of crinolines and long trains. The little staircase was narrow and steep. The kitchen was so close to the living rooms, that at dinner-time the whole house seemed to exhale a smell of roast mutton. The stowing away of her wardrobe taxed to the utmost the ingenuity of her maid. And the few articles of furniture which Lady Seely had raked out from disused sitting-rooms, appeared almost as Brobdignagian in Ivy Lodge, as real tables and chairs would seem beside the furniture of a doll's house.

A second discovery—made very quickly after her arrival in Whitford—was still more unpleasant. It was this: that a fine London-bred lady's-maid is an inconvenient and unmanageable servant to

introduce into a small humble household. Poor Castalia "couldn't think what had come to Slater!" And Slater went about with a thunderous brow and sulky mouth, conveying by her manner a sort of contemptuous compassion for her mistress and a contempt, by no means compassionate, for everybody else in the house.

The stout Whitford servant-of-all-work offended her beyond forgiveness, on the very first day of their acquaintance, by bluntly remarking that well-cooked bacon and cabbage was a good-enough dinner for anybody; and that, if Mrs. Slater had seed as many hungry folks as she (Polly) had, she would say her grace and fall-to with a thankful heart, instead of turning up her nose, and picking at good wholesome victuals with a fork! Moreover, Polly was not in the least awestricken by Mrs. Slater's black silk gown, or the gold watch she wore at her belt. She observed, cheerfully, that such-like fine toggery was all very well at church or chapel; and, for her part, she always had, and always would, put a bit of a flower in her bonnet on Sundays, and them missises as didn't like it must get some one else to serve 'em. But, when she was about her work, she liked to be dressed in working clothes. And a servant as wanted to bring second-hand parlour manners into the kitchen, seemed to her a poor creature—neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring.

All which indignities Slater visited on her mistress, finding it impossible to disconcert or repress Polly, who only laughed heartily at her genteel flights.

But these things were not the worst. The worst was that Algernon showed very plainly a disinclination to sympathise with his wife's annoyance, and his intention of withdrawing himself from all domestic troubles, as if he considered them to be clearly no concern of his. Mrs. Errington, indeed, would have come to the rescue of her daughter-in-law, but neither of Mrs. Algernon's servants were disposed to submit to Mrs. Errington's authority. And the good lady was no more inclined than her son to take trouble and expose herself to unpleasantness, for any one else's sake.

Castalia and her mother-in-law did not grow more attached to each other, the more intimate their acquaintance became. They had one sentiment in common—namely, love for Algernon. But this sentiment did not tend to unite them. Indeed—putting the rivalry of lovers out